



1. **L.A. Song** 2. **Single** 3. **Get At 'Em** 4. **Iris**
5. **Dirge** 6. **Fire In The Hole** 7. **Son** 8. **Big Sur** 9. **Hope**
10. **One** 11. **America** 12. **Sleepyhead** 13. **Wait For History**
14. **That Is All** 15. **Kilo**



Produced by Deconstruction and Ron Champagne. Executive Producer: Rick Rubin. American Recordings, 3500 W. Olive, Suite 1550, Burbank, CA 91505-4628.

© 1994 American Recordings. Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved. Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws.

- 1 **L.A. Song** 6:00
- 2 **Single** 6:45
- 3 **Get At 'Em** 4:29
- 4 **Iris** 4:40
- 5 **Dirge** 5:53
- 6 **Fire In The Hole** 5:51
- 7 **Son** 3:06
- 8 **Big Sur** 5:41
- 9 **Hope** 3:48
- 10 **One** 5:31
- 11 **America** 7:00
- 12 **Sleepyhead** 3:09
- 13 **Wait For History** 6:00
- 14 **That Is All** 1:09
- 15 **Kilo** 2:09

L.A. Song

Blue screen water it's not an ocean anymore it's just a backdrop now come on la la brea bones walk west bring your water plant your scenery ramona map out the dream make the desert grow move out flat don't rise up one neighborhood kraft cheese and a cup of joe raw fish in a burrito game show straight to video in the land of the setting sun psychotherapy sci-fi religion tit pigs bikini barbell chakra gridlock don't think just talk jog don't ever walk weight loss talk radio roll up your windows private home securities take the streets while the LAPD become blue machines cop copter spotlights down premiere klieg lights up none of your business buildings gonna keep you out and keep us in there's a hope downtown and a mission that feeds en pocas palabras de espera un duelo this is no place this takes place does your horizon burn I have lived here my whole life I don't need more stories about your broken midwest boulevard dreams stars also lie down that street you pretty little town you sad flower in the sand you pretty little town give me some of you venus and a sliver moon give me some of you.

Single

Wash your face to the mirror in an open robe while I watch you from the bed we made a pool of sweat again this afternoon a bedroom two months into a day it's a shame when the parts fit it's a shame when the parts fit but the machine won't work all dressed up in the dream but without the wings heating up to fusion instead of a union even love can't make two one it's breaking me all I could have done all I did not do my exoskeleton heart you reach to through my ribs with your chipping fingers and revealing fingernails breathe into me breathe into me your the pale-skin gift that no god ever promised me thank you for my life.



Eric Avery: Bass, Vox

Get At 'Em

Not a whole lot changes I'm too many heartbeats a minute my bed is sheet-twisted and I'm sleepless my brain is baffled boggled and battle-fatigued I'm my career I'm radio static I'm my income traffic the car I drive I'm panic and I need TV for my dreams seventh eleven seventh heaven I'm green I want I need convenience I am addicted and I'm six digits ambitions bloating I'm busy noisy infidelities to the dream I had of who I might turn out to one day be I'm caffeinated and incorporated cog in the wheel of the machinery naked aggressive nightly newswish and stress-related on the couch I'm home plate I'm crack cocaine and cholesterol I play hard ball I mean business and I've got a hard-on for hate what is a god and whose is this country when it's only city me and mine I see my life flash before me when I try to sleep I am product not a whole lot changes I can.

Iris

Dirge

A girl walking by my window she couldn't be more than fourteen she's eating her ice cream it only seems to make her cold over a decade now has brought me from the time before I could have conceived of the explosions that would bring the sunlight to me bring the sunlight to me pull me pull me into you on your daddy's couch plastic jesus blue grey clothing hold our hands and fall in line oh and I'm never cool enough polished paulist fathers and their priestly seemings are all far gone now I don't believe in books I believe in sentences I'm not as angry or afraid I get hit and I just keep coming.

Fire In the Hole

Son

Hello mom it's me can I watch your TV I know this is the last time I feel different this time I promise I'll feel better when you see me again lock the doors and wait for me I'll be right back with my medicine I know it's early but I really appreciate the ride downtown and thanks again for the brand new tennis shoes I promise I'll feel better when you see me again lock the doors and wait for me I'll be right back with my medicine I could be twenty-three I could be forty-seven if anyone calls for me mom you know where I'll be.

Big Sur

Dust to dust sperm to worm pull up from the sludge and cry out spit out the rage suck up the fear lock yourself in and drive drive drive quiet the nervous cables circuitries spinal cord and fingers drool for the bell that rings on and on any given day it's just that take what you can and strike back all the spacious smog and stucco skies can't belie the truth in her eyes gone are the



Dave Navarro: Guitars, Vox

dusty gods of duck and cover drills stardust that makes the hand that pulls the precious bones from the sand jump from the rock into the cool waters and she shines she shines gone are the dusty gods of echo cathedrals.

Hope

Dahmer got fifteen life sentences today I'm visiting friends in the hospital too much fear too little life for much too long and all the traffic of the windshields filled with needy and greedy eyes someone placed a rose on the sidewalk for St. Monica see the shabby man in the park drop a sleeping bag like it was his dead soul see the cadillac lady see the skateboard boy see the man hold the crinkled cardboard sign will work for food please the lady steps out of her sports club in her pink sports clothes handing her valet ticket to the valet there's one man on each bus stop bench one with a bridled retriever for eyes one with a shabby t-shirt that reads where exactly are we.

One

The blue flame that warms the national living room the only window in the house the only window that matters blanketing the whole world under one big cultural front lawn Irish Italian American Tokyo Disneyland Hollywood hollyworld pluck out my eyes grind me into dust lift me up make me whole make you one make you one of us pluck out my eyes grind me to dust bear my child lift me up make you one of us make you part of our American family we receive while we sit before our screens teach us set us an example we can all live by.

America

I was America this morning driving just to drive no destination in mind just spinning my wheels like I said I was America this morning I was America this morning I was America an overturned truck mess slowed up the highway like for a movie a drive-in movie or a circus sideshow we all waited for our turn to gawk four mexican bodies laid out like battle casualties a fireman on one knee with hands filled with frightened bloody Mexican face I rolled by I rolled by eating my egg mcmuffin and I didn't care for those few moments I let Rome burn getting fatter and uncaring I was America.

Sleepyhead

You get all tired out I've got all I need here with me here with you sleep now.

Wait For History

Sanwa bank building the temple of karnak and the scent of a steam engine and the halls of the faces that came before me and the pillars we placed there the more you push it the more it falls down trapped in a musty room till the process punch puts a hole through the boards on all the



Michael Murphy: Drums

windows and the light comes streaming in and it shines on the dust who am I to know from which direction from where the help I needed would come thank you so much for lifting the shroud off of me so again I can see the grey for what it is which is everything the wind and an unselfconscious breast the wait for history it's not up to me it's time that decides terra-cotta fountains all dried up leave it all again to the roaches when our dirty sidewalk becomes sheet rock and history becomes geology.

That Is All

How many times do I have to say that I know that way one day I looked up now I don't want to spend another day looking back 'cause I've learned and it might not make much sense that all I have to say is all I have to say and that is all.

Kilo

Produced by Deconstruction and Ron Champagne
Executive Producer: Rick Rubin
Engineered by Matthew Ellard

Recorded and Mixed at Cherokee Studios, Los Angeles, CA
Mixed by Ron Champagne
Mastered by Ron Champagne and Eddie Schreyer at Future Disc
Production Coordinator: Kristina Champagne for Counter Productions

Music by Avery/Navarro/Murphy
(Except "L.A. Song" by Avery/Navarro/Murphy/B. Carman/B. Spickard;
and "Dirge" by Avery/Navarro/Murphy/R. Champagne)
All lyrics by Eric Avery (with help from John Fante, Mike Davis, Dr. Seuss;
conversations with Nadia; the poetic and critical ear of Miss Rose)
All songs published by Bubbly Orange Stuff Music/Embryotic Music BMI/Brain Candy ASCAP
(Except "L.A. Song" published by Bubbly Orange Stuff Music/Embryotic Music BMI/
Brain Candy ASCAP/Regent Music Corp. BMI)

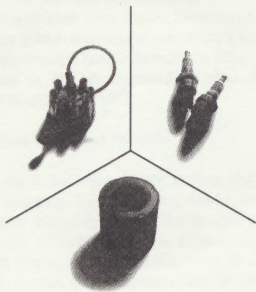
Gibby Haynes appears courtesy of Capitol Records

Many Thanks to: Brian, Nicole & Rebecca Avery, Arthur Piantadosi, Matthew Ellard, Andrew Clark, Keith Michaels, Bob Timmins, Nancy Wilson, Susan Donaldson, Shep & Tracy Lonsdale, Missy Worth, Leon Bing, Pinky Villandry, Mike, Dan & John Navarro, Paul Reed Smith Guitars, Mark Williams, Beverly & Iris, Michael Morse & Zildjian Cymbals, Michael Angelos, Daniel Murphy, Pat Dorn, Jennifer Wemple, Dave Weideman & Joe Sutton at Guitar Center, Joe Brasler, Gary Grimm & P.B. Drums, Drum Doctors, Daoud Coleman, Gary Wish, Saucy Pierre, Future Disc, Bogner Amps, Jeff Impey, Gavin Menzies (guitar techs), and Eric Greenspan.

Special Thanks from Eric to the woman who breathed into me, kept me in one piece with wisdom & caresses of the physical, spiritual and creative kind: Jamie Rose.

Art Direction: Martyn Atkins Design: Martyn Atkins and Dirk Walter
Photography: Amadeo. ©1994 American Recordings. Made in U.S.A.





american

©1994 American Recordings. Mfg. by WEA Manufacturing. Made in U.S.A.



american

DECONSTRUCTION

a
STEREOPHONIC
experience



200
RPM
500

- 1.L.A. SONG 2.SINGLE 3.GET AT 'EM 4.IRIS 5.DIRGE 6.FIRE IN THE HOLE
7.SON 8.BIG SUR 9.HOPE 10.ONE 11.AMERICA 12.SLEEPYHEAD
13.WAIT FOR HISTORY 14.THAT IS ALL 15.KILO

Produced by Deconstruction and Ron Champagne

Executive Producer: Rick Rubin

All tracks ASCAP except track 1 BMI/ASCAP

9 45544-2

recordings